

187

11659.a-54

T H E

S E A S O N S.

B Y

JAMES THOMSON.

[Handwritten flourish]

h



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN TAYLOR.

M.DCC.XC.



L

N
te
of
re
m
by
pa
w
co
m
tu
fo
d
th

Murdoch (p)

A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
L I F E A N D W R I T I N G S
O F
M R J A M E S T H O M S O N.

MR Thomson was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father was minister of that place: a man little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but justly respected by them for his piety, and his diligence in the pastoral duty. His mother, whose maiden name was Hume, was co-heiress of a small estate in that country: a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue; with an imagination for vivacity and warmth, scarce inferior to her son's, and which raised her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

OUR author received the rudiments of his education at a private school in the town of Jedburgh; and, in the early part of his life, so far from appearing to possess a sprightly genius, he was considered by his school-master, and those who directed his education, as being without even a common share of parts.

BUT his merit did not long lie concealed. The Reverend Mr Riccarton, minister of Hobkirk, in the same presbytery, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, very soon discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, and corrected his performances.

IT is not to be doubted but our young poet greatly improved while under the care of Mr Riccarton, who, as he was a philosophic man, inspired his mind with a love for the sciences. Nor were the reverend gentleman's endeavours in vain: for Mr Thomson has shewn in his works how well he was acquainted with natural and moral philosophy; a circumstance which, perhaps, is owing to the early impressions he received from Mr Riccarton.

SIR William Bennet likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with Mr Thomson, and used to invite him to pass the summer-vacation at his country seat:



MR JAMES THOMSON.

▼

feat: a scene of life which our author always remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir William and Mr Riccarton, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new-year's day; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order; and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humourously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

AFTER spending the usual time at school in the acquisition of the dead languages, Mr Thomson was removed to the university of Edinburgh. Here, as at the country school, he made no great figure: his companions thought contemptuously of him; and the master under whom he studied had not a higher opinion of our poet's abilities than the pupils.

IN the second year after his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father; who was carried off so suddenly, that it was not possible for Mr Thomson, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instance of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

Mrs Thomson, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, did not however sink under this misfortune. She consulted with her friend, the Reverend Mr Gushart, what was most proper for her to do in her particular situation. This reverend gentleman, one of the ministers of Edinburgh,

burgh, and senior of the Chapel Royal, was always extremely serviceable to her in the management of her little affairs. By his advice, having mortgaged her moiety of the farm of which she was co-heiress, she repaired with her family to Edinburgh, where she lived in a decent and frugal manner, while her favourite son was attending his academical course.

AFTER having gone through the several classes of philosophy, Mr Thomson was entered in the divinity-hall, as one of the candidates for the ministry: where the students, before they are admitted to probationary trials, must give six years attendance. The divinity-chair was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr Hamilton: a gentleman universally respected and beloved: and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required: but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Some of his fellow-students, envying him the success of this discourse, and the admiration it procured him, employed their industry to trace him as a plagiarist; for they could not be persuaded, that a youth, seemingly so much removed from the appearance of genius, could compose a declamation in which learning, genius, and judgment had a very great share. Their search how-

ever

ever proved fruitless; and Mr Thomson continued, while he remained at the university, to possess the honour of that discourse, without any diminution. Mr Hamilton acted a more noble and friendly part: As his custom was, he complimented the orator upon his performane, and pointed out to the students the most striking parts of it: but at last, turning to Mr Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful to the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

THIS gave Mr Thomson to understand, that his expectations from the study of the theology might be very precarious, even though the church had been more his free choice than probably it was; but perhaps he might still have pursued the clerical profession, had not the following accident opened up more extensive views.

ABOUT this time Mr Thomson had wrote a paraphrase on the 104th psalm, which, after it had received the approbation of Mr Riccarton, he permitted his friends to copy. By some means or other this paraphrase fell into the hands of Mr Auditor Benson, who, expressing his admiration of it, said, that he doubted not if the author was in London, but he would meet with encouragement equal to his merit. This observation of Benson's was communicated to Thomson by a letter, probably from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's then in London; and, no doubt, had its natural influence in

in inflaming his heart, and hastening his journey to the metropolis.

OUR author went first to Newcastle by land, where he took shipping, and landed at Billingsgate. When he arrived, it was his immediate care to wait on Mr Mallet, who then lived in Hanover-square, in the character of private tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and his brother the Lord George Graham, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea-officer. With this gentleman, though much his junior, our author had contracted an early intimacy when at school, which improved with their years; nor was it ever disturbed by any casual mistake, envy, or jealousy on either side: a proof that two writers of merit may agree, in spite of the common observation to the contrary.—Before Mr Thomson reached Hanover-square, an accident happened to him, which, as it may divert some of our readers, we shall here insert.

WHEN our author left Scotland, he had received letters of recommendation from a gentleman of rank there, to some persons of distinction in London, which he had carefully tied up in his pocket-handkerchief. As he sauntered along the streets, he could not withhold his admiration of the magnitude, opulence, and various objects this great metropolis continually presented to his view. These must naturally have diverted the imagination of a man of less reflection; and it is not greatly to be wondered at, if Mr Thomson's mind was so engrossed by these new presented scenes, as to be ab-

sent

sent to the busy crowds around him. He often stopped to gratify his curiosity, the consequences of which he afterwards experienced. With an honest simplicity of heart, unsuspecting, as unknowing of guilt, he was ten times longer in reaching Hanover-square, than one less sensible and curious would have been. When he arrived, he found he had paid for his curiosity; his pocket was picked of his handkerchief, and all the letters that were wrapt up in it. This accident would have proved very mortifying to a man less philosophical than Mr Thomson: but he was of a temper never to be agitated; he then smiled at it, and frequently made his companions laugh at the relation.

Mr Thomson, upon his coming to London, was likewise very kindly received by Mr Forbes, afterwards Lord President of the Session, then attending the service of Parliament; who, having seen a specimen of his poetry in Scotland, was highly delighted with our author's genius, and recommended him to some of his friends; particularly to Mr Aikman, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author. With what a warm return he met with, and how Mr Thomson was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.

IN the mean time, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his *Winter*: in which, as himself was a novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr Mallet. This poem, the first finished of all the *Seasons*, and the first performance he published, was originally wrote in detached pieces, or occasional descriptions. It was by the advice of Mr Mallet they were made into one connected piece; and it was by the farther advice, and at the earnest request of this gentleman, he wrote the other three *Seasons*.

THE approbation the poem of *Winter* might meet with from some of our author's friends, was not, however, a sufficient recommendation to introduce it to the world. He had the mortification of offering it to several booksellers without success; who, perhaps, not being themselves qualified to judge of the merit of the performance, refused to risk the necessary expences on the work of an obscure stranger, whose name could be no recommendation to it. These were severe repulses; but, at last, the difficulty was surmounted. Mr Mallet offered it to Mr Millar, afterwards bookseller in the Strand, who, without making any scruples, readily printed it. For some time Mr Millar had reason to believe that he should be a loser by his frankness; for the impression lay like waste-paper on his hands, few copies being sold, till by an accident its merit was discovered. One Mr Whatley, a man of some taste in letters, but perfectly enthusiastic in the admiration of any thing which pleased him, happened

happened to cast his eyes upon it; and, finding something which delighted him, perused the whole, not without growing astonishment, that the poem should be unknown, and the author obscure. In the ecstasy of his admiration, he went from coffee-house to coffee-house, pointing out its beauties, and calling upon all men of taste to exert themselves in rescuing from obscurity one of the greatest geniuses that ever appeared. This had a very happy effect, for, in a short time, the impression was bought up. Nor had these who read the poem any reason to complain of Mr Whatley's exaggeration; for they found it so completely beautiful, that they could not but think themselves happy, in doing justice to a man of so much merit. Such heretofore was the fate of the great Milton, whose works were only to be found in the libraries of the curious or judicious few, till Addison's remarks spread a taste for them; and at length it became unfashionable not to have read them.

As soon as the poem of Winter was published, Mr Thomson sent a copy of it as a present to Mr Joseph Mitchell, his countryman, and brother-poet, who not liking many parts of it, inclosed to him the following couplet:

*Beauties and faults so thick lie scattered here,
Those I could read, if these were not so near.*

To which Mr Thomson answered extempore:

*Why all not faults? injurious Mitchell, why
Appears one beauty to thy blasted eye?
Damnation worse than thine, if worse can be,
Is all I ask, and all I want from thee.*

UPON a friend's remonstrating to Mr Thomson, that the expression of *blasted eye* would look like a personal reflection, as Mr Mitchell had really that misfortune, he changed the epithet *blasted* into *blasting*.—But to return:

THE poem of Winter is, perhaps, the most finished, as well as most picturesque of any of the four Seasons: The scenes are grand and lively; it is in that season that the creation appears in distress, and nature assumes a melancholy air; and an imagination so poetical as Mr Thomson's, was admirably fitted to paint those *vapours*, and *storms*, and *clouds*, the very description of which fill the soul with solemn dread. It is told of Mr Riccarton, that when he first saw this poem, which was in a bookseller's shop in Edinburgh, he stood amazed; and, after he had read the sublime introductory lines, he dropt the poem from his hand, in an ecstasy of admiration. Mr Thomson's digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charm the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the *poet*, or love the *man*.

FROM this time Mr Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses; among whom were the Countess of Hartford, Miss Drelincourt, afterwards Viscountess Primrose, Mrs Stanley, and others. But the chief happiness which his Winter procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr Rundle, afterwards

wards Lord Bishop of Derry; who, upon conversing with our author, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value, than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend Lord Chancellor Talbot; and some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make the tour of Europe, recommended Mr Thomson as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of Lord Talbot. The true cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the public, as well as the dark *manœuvres* that were employed: but our author, who had the best information, places it to the account of

——— *Slandrous zeal, and politics infirm,*
Jealous of worth———

THE poem of Winter meeting with such general applause, Mr Thomson was induced to write the other three Seasons, which he finished with equal success. Summer made its first appearance in the year 1727; Spring, in the beginning of the following year: and Autumn, in a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1730. In that edition, the Seasons are placed in their natural order; and crowned with that inimitable Hymn, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as one whole the immediate effect of infinite Power and Goodness

SUMMER

SUMMER has many manly and striking beauties; in particular, the Hymn to the Sun, in which some hints are taken from Mr Cowley's Hymn to Light, is one of the sublimest and most masterly efforts of genius we have ever seen.—The introduction to Spring is very poetical; and the descriptions in this poem are mild, like the season they paint.—Autumn seems to be the most unfinished of the four Seasons. It is not, however, without its beauties; of which many have considered the story of Lavinia, naturally and artfully introduced, as the most affecting. The story is in itself moving and tender; and it is perhaps no diminution to this beautiful tale, that the hint of it is taken from the book of Ruth in the Old Testament.

As we would not willingly pass over any thing concerning our author, we beg leave to relate the following anecdote, though omitted both by Mr Cibber and Mr Murdock.

WHEN Mr Thomson first came to London, he was in very narrow circumstances; and, before he was distinguished by his writings, was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and, upon the publication of the Seasons, one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr Quin, who had indeed read the Seasons, but had never seen their author; and, upon stricter inquiry, he was told that Mr Thomson was in the

the bailiff's hands, at a spunging-house in Holburn. Thither Quin went; and, being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," said he, in his usual tone of voice, "You don't know me, I believe; but my name is Quin." Mr Thomson received him very politely, and said, that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit; and very obliging invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him; and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. Mr Thomson made the proper reply; and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature. When the supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr Quin then took occasion to explain himself, by saying, it was now time to enter upon business. Mr Thomson declared, he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command, (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama.) "Sir," says Quin, "you mistake my meaning; I owe you an hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you." Mr Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, That as he was a gentleman whom, to his knowledge he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. "No, by G—d," says Quin, raising his voice, "I'll be damn'd before I would do that. I say I owe you an hundred pounds, and there it is," (laying a bank-note of that value before him.) Mr Thomson was astonished, and begged he would explain himself. "Why," says Quin,
"I'll

"I'll tell you : Soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head, that, as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will ; and, among the rest of my legatees, I set down the author of the Seasons an hundred pounds : and this day, hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it, when perhaps you might have less need of it : And this, Mr Thomson, is the business I came about." It is needless to express Mr Thomson's grateful acknowledgments ; we shall leave every reader to conceive them.

IN the year 1727, Mr Thomson published his poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased ; containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries. This poem is sublimely poetical ; and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count Algaratti, takes a line of it for the text of his philosophical dialogues : This was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr Gray, a gentleman well versed in the Newtonian Philosophy, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general abstract of its principles.

AT this time the resentment of our merchants against the Spaniards, for interrupting their trade in America, running very high, our author zealously took part in it ; and wrote his *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. Although this poem may be the less read that its subject was but accidental

dental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enriched it can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that devotion to the public, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure or more intense than himself.

OUR author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the honourable Mr Charles Talbot on his travels. With this accomplished young nobleman, Mr Thomson visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe; and having staid abroad about three years, returned with his views greatly enlarged: not of exterior nature only, and the works of art; but of human life and manners, their connections, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of Liberty, begun soon after his return to England. We see at the same time, to what a high pitch the love of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments; and to shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work; upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

WHILE Mr Thomson was writing the first part of this poem, he received a most severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, in the year 1734: which was soon followed by another, that was severer still, and of more general concern, the death of Lord Talbot himself; which Mr Thomson so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory.

By this event, Mr Thomson found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of my Lord Lyttleton.

IMMEDIATELY upon his return to England with Mr Charles Talbot, the Chancellor, in recompence of the care he had taken in forming the mind of his son, had made him his secretary of briefs; a place requiring little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who succeeded to Lord Talbot in office, kept it vacant for some time, always expecting when Mr Thomson should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair. By this unaccountable indolence the place which he might have enjoyed with so little trouble, was bestowed upon another.

YET could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed with time, his usual cheerfulness; nor did he abate one article in his way of living, which, though simple, was genial and elegant. Mr Millar was always at hand to answer, or even to prevent his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired, who would of themselves interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

BUT his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales; who upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttleton, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance. A circumstance, which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that my Lord Lyttleton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr Thomson was personally known to him.

AMONG the latest of Mr Thomson's productions, is the *Castle of Indolence*. It was, as first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fit to convey one of the most important moral lessons. It is written in imitation of *Spencer's style*; and the

obsolete words, with the simplicity of diction in some of the lines, sometimes bordering on the ludicrous, were thought necessary to make the imitation more perfect.

WE shall now consider Mr Thomson as a dramatic writer.

IN the year 1729, about five years after he had been in London, he brought upon the stage his tragedy of Sophonisba, built upon the Carthaginian history of that princess; upon which the famous Nathaniel Lee has likewise written a tragedy. This play met with a very favourable reception from the public.—We must not here omit two anecdotes which happened the first night of the representation.

Mr Thomson it seems made one of his characters address Sophonisba in the following words:

O! Sophonisba, Sophonisba Oh!

Upon which a smart from the pit immediately cried out,

Oh! Jamie Thomson, Jamie Thomson Oh!

However ill-natured this critic might be, in interrupting the action of the play for the sake of a joke; yet it is certain that the line ridiculed does partake of the false pathetic, and should be a warning to tragic poets to guard against the swelling style;

style; for, by aiming at the sublime, they are often betrayed into the bombast. This line, however, has been since changed by our author for one less exceptionable.

As Mr Thomson could not but feel all the emotions and solitudes of a young author the first night of his play, he wanted to place himself in some obscure part of the house, where he might see the representation to the best advantage, without being known as the poet. He accordingly seated himself in the upper gallery. But such was the power of nature in him, that he could not help repeating the parts along with the players; and would sometimes whisper to himself, "Now such a scene is to open;" by which he was soon discovered to be the author, by some gentlemen, who could not, on account of the great crowd, be situated in any other part of the house.

AFTER an interval of about nine years, Mr Thomson exhibited to the public his second tragedy, called Agamemnon. Mr Pope acted a very friendly part to Mr Thomson on this occasion: he not only wrote two letters in its favour to the managers, but honoured the representation on the first night with his presence; which, as he had not been for some time at a play, was considered as a very great instance of esteem. The profits arising from this play were very considerable; and afforded him a very seasonable supply after he had lost his office by the death of Lord Albort, and was still out of place.

IN

IN the year 1739, Mr Thomson offered to the stage his tragedy of Edward and Eleonora; but, for political reasons, it was forbid to be acted. The favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was, in this one instance, of some prejudice to our author. For though this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; yet the ministry, still sore from certain pasquinades, which had lately produced the stage-act; and as little satisfied with that prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not risk the representation of a piece written under his eye, and they might probably think by his command.

THIS refusal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr Paterson, a companion of Mr Thomson, afterwards his deputy, and then his successor in the general-surveyorship used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic muse; and had taken for his subject, the story of Arminius the German hero. But his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the Censor cast his eyes on the handwriting in which he had seen Edward and Eleonora, than he cried out, Away with it! and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

By the command of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Mr Thomson, in conjunction with

with Mr Mallet, wrote the Masque of Alfred, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court at his summer residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr Mallet, in the year 1751.

Mr Thomson's next dramatic performance was his Tancred and Sigismunda, acted with applause in the year 1745. The plot is borrowed from a story in the celebrated romance of Gil Blas: the fable is very interesting; the characters are few, but active; and the attention is never suffered to wander. This succeeded beyond any other of Mr Thomson's plays; and from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, still continues to draw crowded houses. The success of this piece was indeed insured from the first by Mr Garrick and Mrs Cibber's appearing in the principal characters; which they heightened and adorned with all the magic of their never-failing art.

THIS was the last play Mr Thomson himself published, his tragedy of Coriolanus being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best of men, and best poets, that ever lived in it.

HE had always been a timorous horseman; and more so, in a road where number of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing; so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between London

don and Richmond with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat, and rest himself or perhaps dine, by the way. One summer evening being alone, in his walk from town to Hammersmith, he had over-heated himself, and, in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of Kew lane, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger; but the fine weather having tempted him once more to expose himself to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town: at last, Mr Mitchell and Mr Reid, with Dr Armstrong, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance; but alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of August, 1748.

His testamentary executors were, the Lord Lytleton, whose care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the

the orphan play of Coriolanus was brought on the stage, to the best advantage. The profits arising from this play, and from the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, more than satisfied all demands; so that a very handsome sum was remitted to his sisters in Scotland. My Lord Lyttleton's prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that ever had been *written*: 'The best *spoken* it certainly was. Mr Quin was the particular friend of Mr Thomson: and when he spoke the following lines, which are in themselves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintance rose at once to his imagination, while the tears gushed from his eyes.

*He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear :
 Alas ! I feel I am no actor here :)
 He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of interest, so devoid of art ;
 Such generous freedom, such unshaken zeal ;
 No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.*

The beautiful break in these lines had a fine effect in speaking. Mr Quin here excelled himself: nor did he ever appear so great an actor, as at this instant when he declared himself none.

Mr Thomson's remains were deposited in the church of Richmond, under a plain stone, without any inscription. It was not till the year 1762, that the noble design was proposed, to erect for him a funeral monument in Westminster Abbey. In

order to defray the necessary expence of this undertaking, Mr A. Millar published by subscription a splendid edition of our author's works in 4to, the entire profits of which he cheerfully dedicated to this purpose: and it was further proposed, that any remaining sum, after paying all expences should be remitted to his relations. This generous publication met with deserved encouragement. His present Majesty, her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and the principal nobility and gentry in Great Britain, appear among the list of subscribers. Nor must we omit taking notice that Madam Bontems, a French lady, who has obliged the world with a translation of the Seasons into her own language, (a translation equally faithful and elegant,) desired likewise to be a subscriber to this edition of Mr Thomson's works.—It was however unlucky, that by a well-intended, though ill-judged parsimony, the execution of this work was committed to an inferior artist, who erected a monument, not indeed destitute of merit, but from which neither our author, nor the Abbey, nor the present age, will derive any honour.

It is pretty strange, that, upon the death of Mr Thomson, his brother poets did not at all exert themselves, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his life time. This silence furnished matter to one of his friends for an excellent satirical epigram, which we are sorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr Collins, who had lived some time at Richmond,

but forsook it when Mr Thomson died, wrote an ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account.

OUR author himself hints somewhere in his works that his exterior was not the most promising. His make was indeed rather robust than graceful; though it is known, that, in his youth, he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten into a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eyes darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much the same in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry. A sonnet, or a copy of some verses, he could manage pretty well, or even improve them in the reading; but a passage of

Virgil, Milton or Shakespear, would sometimes quite oppress him, that you could hear little else than some ill-articulate sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

THE Autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

THE amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure, and had his situation favoured it he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond gardens. Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions in the poem of Liberty, we have the master pieces there mentioned, placed in a stronger light perhaps than if we saw them with our eyes. His collection of prints, and some drawings from

the antique, came afterwards into the possession of his friend Mr Gray of Richmond-Hill.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of mind and heart, they are better represented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. His tenderness of heart was unbounded, extending even to the brute creation. He had a grateful soul, always ready to acknowledge a favour received: nor did he ever forget his old benefactors, notwithstanding a long absence, new acquaintance, or additional eminence; of which the following instance cannot be unacceptable to the reader:

SOME time before Mr Thomson's fatal illness, a gentleman inquired for him at his house in Kew-grove, near Richmond, where he then lived. This gentleman had been his acquaintance when very young, and proved to be Dr Gusthart, the son of the Reverend Mr Gusthart, formerly mentioned, who had been Mr Thomson's patron in the early part of his life. The visitor sent not in his name; but only intimated to the servant, that an old acquaintance desired to see Mr Thomson. Mr Thomson came forward to receive him; and, looking steadfastly at him (for they had not seen one another for many years,) said, "Troth, Sir, I cannot say I ken your countenance well. Let me there-fore

fore crave your name." Which the gentleman no sooner mentioned, than the tears gushed from Mr Thomson's eyes. He could only reply, "Good God! are you the son of my dear friend, my old benefactor?" and then, rushing to his arms, he tenderly embraced him, rejoicing at so unexpected a meeting.

SUCH was the heart of Mr Thomson, whose life was as unoffensive as his page was moral: For of all our poets, he is the farthest removed from whatever has even the appearance of undecency; and, as my Lord Lyttleton happily expresses it in his prologue to *Coriolanus*.

*--His chaste muse employ'd her heav'n taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wish to blot.*

ODE

O D E

ON THE

DEATH of Mr THOMSON.

By Mr COLLINS.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!
In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love, thro' life, the soothing shade,
Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while it sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear,
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.
Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And

* The harp of Eolus, of which see a Description in the Castle of Indolence.

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
And mid the varied landscape weep.

But Thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near
With him sweet Bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, shall He say,
In yonder grave Your Druid lies!

SPRING

† Richmond Church.



spire,

near

2

nd.

NC

S P R I N G.

E

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various Parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with Digressions arising from the Subject. Its Influence on inanimate Matter, or Vegetables, on brute Animals, and lastly on Man; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular Passion of Love opposed to that of a pure and happy Kind.

And loe where early Winter passes off
Far to the north, and calls his ruddy plumes
His plume obey, and pour the howling bill
The thar'd forest, and the rugged vale
While softer gales succeed, or when kind
Dissolving snows to livid rivers roll
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky
As yet the trembling year is unaccounted
And Winter off at eve returns the breeze
Chills the pale morn, and bids it driving flocks
Deform the day delict; to that scarce
The bitter knows his time, with ill ingrain
To shake the founding man; or from the shore

S P R I N G.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal mildness come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music walks around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTEFORD, fitted, or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming, and benevolent, like thee.

AND see where furly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph,
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore.

The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

AT last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them
thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all furrounding heav'n.

FORTH fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used
plow
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,
They led their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share,
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and fidelong lays the glebe.

WHILE, thro' the neighbouring fields the sower
stalks,
With measur'd step; and, liberal throws the
grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground,
The harrows follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!

Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year! Nor ye, who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear;
 Such themes as these the *rural* MARO sung 55
 To wide imperial *Rome*, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by *Greece* refin'd
 In ancient times, the sacred plow employ'd
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
 And some, with whom compar'd your insect
 tribes 60
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
 Desdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plow, and greatly independant scorn'd 65
 All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

Ye generous BRITONS, venerate the plow!
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant, and unbounded! As the seas 70
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
 Your empire owns, and form a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour 75
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Not only thro' the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun, 80
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat

Of vegetation, sets the streaming power
 At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green!*
 'Thou smiling nature's universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the light dwells
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

FROM the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows and fills the liberal air,
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 drops

From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far-diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye

Hurries

Hurries from joy to joy, and hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from *Russian* wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings 115
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
Joyous and dead, a wide dejected waste.
For aft, engender'd by the hazy North, 120
Myriads on myriads; insect armies waft
Keen on the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the black'n'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble waste! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance! on whose course 125
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all invol'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls: 130
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe,
Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd
Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, furcharg'd with
rain,
That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne, 150
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

THE

THE north-east spreads his rage, and now, flung
up :

Within his iron caves, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathe the big clouds with vernal showers distant
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether ; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom,
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual, sinks the breeze, 15
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In grassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse 16
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploing eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil, 16
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales
And forests seems, impatient to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 17
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,

A large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter hear
 By such as wander thro' the forest-walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while heaven de-
 scends

180

In univ'rial bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flowers, on nature's ample lap;
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distills,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

185

Thus all day long the full distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well shower'd
 earth

Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks on; effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay-smiling to his beam.

190

The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' Mannin'd mountain; thro' the forest streams
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs a-
 round.

195

Full swell the woods; their every muscle wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks.
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr
 springs.

200

Meantime refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow

Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky,
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
 And to the sage instructed eye, unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the
 swain,

He wondering views the bright enchantment
 bend,

Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A softened shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam to give to light,
 Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic
 tubes,

The balmy treasures of the former day.

THEN spring the lively herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep green earth, beneath the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes;
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search ; or thro' the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Burst his blind way ; or climbs the mountain rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow,
 With such a liberal hand has nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain,

BUT

BUT who their virtues can declare? Who
 pierce

With vision pure, into these sacred stores 235

Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man,

While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told

A length of golden years, unlessh'd in blood;

A stranger to the savage arts of life,

Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit and disease, 240

The Lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd
 race

Uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see

The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam.

For their slight labours gently fum'd away; 245

And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,

Or to the culture of the willing glebe,

Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.

Meantime the song went round; and dance and

sport,

Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole. 250

Their hours away. While in the rosy vale

Love breath'd his infant sighs from anguish free,

And full replete with bliss, save the sweet pain,

That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.

Nor yet injurious act, nor faulty deed, 255

Was known among these happy sons of Heaven;

For reason and benevolence were law.

Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.

Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,

And balmy spirits all. The youthful sun 260

Shot his best rays, and fill'd the gracious clouds

Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,

The herds and flock's, commixing, play'd secure
 This when emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
 Was meek'n'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.
 For music held the whole in perfect peace:
 Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard
 Warbling the vary'd heart; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters
 flow'd

In consonance. Such were those prime of days

BUT now those white unblemish'd manners
 whence

The fabling poets took their golden age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
 Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
 Is off the poise within: the passions all
 Have burst their bounds; and reason half ex-
 tinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder, senseless and deform'd
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power,
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone

secure
 od,
 26
 Or In dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
 These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the maid
 With endless storm : whence, deeply rankling,
 grows
 270
 of days
 manners
 mind
 rs, 276
 ll
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
 When dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence :
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
 And joyless inhumanity pervades
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course :

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came :
 When the deep cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
 The central water round, impetuous rush'd, 310
 With universal burst, into the gulph,
 And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;
 Till, from the center to the streaming clouds,
 A shortless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

28;
 THE Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer
 shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before
 290
 Gren'd

Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms
 bluth'd,

In social sweetness, on the self same bough.
 Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse; for then nor
 storms

Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage; 327
 Sound slept the waters: no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
 But now, of turbid elements the sport, 338
 From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies; 335
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, entanglin'd Man
 Is now become the lion of the plain, 340
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly
 fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her
 milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleeces: nor has the steed,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
 E'er plowed for him. They too are temper'd
 high, 345
 With hunger stung and wild necessity,

Nor

or lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep; while from her
 lap 350

She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
 Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair
 form!

Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Hea-
 ven,

Ever stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355

And did his tongue in gore? The beast of prey

Blood stain'd, deserves to bleed; but you, ye flocks

What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,

To merit death? you, who have given us milk

In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360

Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,

That harmless, honest, guiltless animal,

In what has he offended? he, whose toil,

Patient and ever ready, clothes the land

With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed, 365

And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands

Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,

To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,

Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart

Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough, 370

In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd

Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.

High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous

strain,

Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state

That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now

Nor

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away ;
 And, whitening, down their mossy tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam : now is the time,
 While yet the dark brown water aids the guile, 38
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
 But let not thy hook the tortur'd worm, 38
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds ;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 39

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rouz'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair ;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds. 39
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the
 brooks :

The next, pursue their rocky channel'd maze,
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly ; 405
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,

With

With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
 When fix with gentle twitch, the barbed hook: 410
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your plaint rod, 415
 Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots 420
 Of pendant trees the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art,
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.' 425
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering
 weed, 430
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,

G

Yea

With

And to his fate abandon'd, to the shores
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the
sun

Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering
clouds;

Even shooting listless langour thro' the deeps,
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd

Where scatter'd wide the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breaths, where cowslips hang 445

The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:

Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid
wing

The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beeling cliff, his airy builds, 450

There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural scenes, such as the *Mantuan* swain

Paints in the matchless harmony of song,
Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift 455
Athwart imagination's vived eye:

Or by the vocal woods and water lull'd,

And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,

Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix

Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460

Soothe every gust of passion into peace;

All but the swellings of the softened heart;

That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast, 465
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

Can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 Every bud that blows? If fancy then 470
 Unequal feels beneath the pleasing task,
 What shall language do? Ah where find words
 Ring'd with so many colours: and whose power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET, tho' successful, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose
 hearts

Have felt the raptures of refining love; 479
 And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song!
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes; sedate and
 sweet, 480

These looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason
 mix'd,

Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485

Oh come! and while the rosy footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided
 hair, 490

And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweet.

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spread. See, how the lilly drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,

In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk, 498
Where the breeze blows from yon extended
field

Of blossom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravished
soul.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
'The negligence of *Nature*, wide and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505
In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart,
'Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul,
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme
grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green,
Snatch'd thro' the verdent maze, the hurried
eye 515
Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted sweeps :
Now meets the sky ; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers 525
 Fair-handed Spring unbooms every grace;
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
 The yellow wall flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round: 531
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
 And full ranunculas, of glowing red. 535
 Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father dust,
 The varied colours run; and, while they break
 On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
 First born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils, 545
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
 Nor, shower'd from ev'ry bush, the damask rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells. 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature and her endless bloom.

HAIL, SOURCE OF BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of Heaven and earth ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
 To

To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my
 thoughts, 555
 Continual, climb; who, with a master hand,
 Hest the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew: 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stand each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565
 By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-coloured scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 My painting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
 'The mazy running soul of melody
 Into my varied verse! while I deduce, 575
 From the first note the hollow cuckow sings,
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the groves.*

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought to plume the painted wing;
 And try again the long forgotten strain,
 At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows

The

S P R I N G.

55

The soft profusion prevalent, and wide, 585

Then, all alive, at once their joy o'er flows
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,

Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings

Amid the dawning clouds, and from their
haunts 590

Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse

Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush

Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads

Of the coy quirksters, that lodge within,

Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595

And wood-lark, or the kind-contending throng

Superior heard, run through sweetest length

Of note; when listening *Philomela* deigns

To let them joy, and purposes, in thought

Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600

The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;

The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:

Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze

Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these

Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605

Of new sprung leaves, their modulation mix

Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,

And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,

Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes

A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all

This waste of music is the voice of love;

That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts

Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind

Try every winning way inventive love 615

Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates

Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,

With

With distant awe, in airy wings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious half-averted glance 615
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach; 625
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts; 630
 'That NATURE's great command may be obey'd:

Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
 Commit their feeble offspring: The cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
 Others apart far in the grassy dale,
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture 640
 weaves.

But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmers soothe them all the live long
 day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plantive stream,

They

They frame the first foundation of their domes
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
 Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm 656
 Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
 Though the whole loosened Spring around her
 blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless signs
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time,
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour; O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young; 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so, a gentle pair,

H

By

By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breath,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
 Oft, as the weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

NOR toil alone the scorn: exalting love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING in-
 spir'd,

Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race
 And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts mo-
 lest,

Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
 'Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the
 head

Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover
 wheels

Her sounding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild duck,
 hence

O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray:

BE not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant-Man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull.
 Ragged, and all its brighting lustre lost;

Nor

ould, Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes 705
 break Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the
 68 beech.
 then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
 ll. If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

g in. BUT let not the chief nightingale lament
 68 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 s mo The astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground, the vain provision falls;
 690 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 the Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows through the night; and, on the
 bough,
 Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe; till wide around, the woods
 695 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725
 waste

But now the feather'd youth their former
 bounds,
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing off their wings,
 700 Demand the free possession of the sky:
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish wisdom never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,

Nor

H 2

When

When nought but balm is breathing thro' the
woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the
boughs

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinnons still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plummy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground, 745
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost * *Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds, 755
'The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pour'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat.
For

* *The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.*

ro' the orages, of his empire; which, in peace, 760
 Instain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.
 735 SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there well-pleas'd
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whole breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 745 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan 775
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his oser-isle,
 750 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud threatening, reddens; while the peacock
 spreads 780
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims in radiant majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 755 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins

The

The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels,
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he waves among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
 Crops, thro' it presses on his careless sense,
 And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.

Him should he meet, the bellowing war be-
 gins:

Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix
 While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling
 steed,

With his hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
 Nor heeds the rein nor hears the sounding thong;
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains
 flies;

And, neighing, on the æreal summit takes
 Th' exciting gale; then, steep descending cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills.
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

NOR undelighted by the boundless Spring

Are

are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rouz'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire where the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer band,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
 sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids; and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many bleating flock,
 Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their frolick's play And now the sprightly
 race 835
 Invites them forth; when swift the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep laid indissoluble state,
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden
 heads;
 And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world! 845
 WHAT is this mighty Breath, ye sages, say,
 That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
 Instructs

The bull, deep-scoth'd, the raging passion feels,
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he waves among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
 Crops, thro' it presses on his careless sense,
 And oft, in jealous madd'ning fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.

Him should he meet, the bellowing war be-
 gins:

Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix
 While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling
 steed,

With his hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
 Nor heeds the rein nor hears the sounding thong;
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains
 flies;

And, neighing, on the æreal summit takes
 Th' exciting gale; then, steep descending cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills.
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

NOR undelighted by the boundless Spring

Are

feels. are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :
 from the deep ooze and gelid cavern rouz'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire where the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer band,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids; and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many bleating flock,
 Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their frolick's play And now the sprightly
 805 race 835
 Invites them forth; when swift the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep laid indissoluble state,
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden
 heads;
 And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world! 845
 WHAT is this mighty Breath, ye sages, say,
 That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
 Instructs

Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and through the
breast.

These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
Inspiring God ! who boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjust, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works *alone* : and yet *alone*
Seems not to work : with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, tho' conceal'd, to ev'ry purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears :
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes
The SMILING GOD is seen ; while water, earth,
And air attest his bounty ; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man ;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, try
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody ? Hence from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's wo ;
Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide
thought,
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns
With warmest beam ; and on your open front

And

And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd,
 Can restless goodness wait; your active search 880
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world; 885
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still. 895
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom: till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world! 900

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
 OLYTTLETON, the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse through Hagley Park thou
 strayest; 905
 Thy *British Temple*! There along the dale,
 With woods o'er-hung, and shaggy'd with massy
 rocks,

I

When

When on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Of gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees, 918
 Your silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts,
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills
 That, purling down amidst the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander thro' the philosophic world; 920
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time:
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
 BRITANNIA's weal; how from the venal gulph
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love; 935
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Tost by the generous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 Ha varied converse, soft'ning every theme, 940
 You

You frequent passing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness! which love, 945
 Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd few.

Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair
 brow

The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees, 951

And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
 Wide stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind
 haunt

The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still, 955
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
 O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year, 960
 Now from the virgin's cheeks a fresher bloom
 Shoots less and less, the live carnation round;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of
 youth;

The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow: her wishing bosom heaves, 965
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear extatic power, and sick

With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;
 Dare not th' infection sigh! the pleading look,
 Down cast, and low, in meek submission dress,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent softness pours;
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away, while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form—the kindling grace;
 'Th' enticing smile—the modest seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty and death;
 And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

EVEN present in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid, while music flows around;
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest, a quick returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart, where honour
 Gills,

And

And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

But absent, when fantastic woes, aroun'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005

'Tis nought but gloom around: The darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and you bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault. 1010

All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and unattentive. From his tongue 1015

Th' unfinish'd period falls; while borne away
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd 1020

In melancholy site, with head declin'd
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,

Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;

Where the sun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic hangs; there through the pensive

dusk, 1025
Strays in heart-thrilling meditation lost,

Indulging all to love: down the bank

Thrown amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze

With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears,

Thus

'Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlightening by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,¹⁰³⁵
 With soften'd soul, and woes the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his; or, while the world
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly tortur'd heart into the page,¹⁰⁴⁰
 Meant for the moving messenger of love:
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his billow flies,¹⁰⁴⁵
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
 Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,¹⁰⁵⁰
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
 To secret winding flower enwoven bowers,¹⁰⁵⁵
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not
 how
 Thro' forest's huge, and long untravel'd heaths
 With

With delolation brown, he wanders waste
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
 Back from the bending precipice; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
 The farther shore; where succourless and sad,
 He with extended arms his aid implores;
 But strives in vain: born by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

THESE are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last! the yellow tinged plague 1080
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah then! instead of love-enlivening cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire; 1086
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant sits
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand tears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.

In

In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of insnaring love.
 Straight the first storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins:
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
 For even the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm
 youth,

Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Thro' flowery tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of severed rapture, or of cruel care;
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
 will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent

To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
Well merited, consume his nights and days;
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce, as the suns they feel!
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1130
Of a mere, lifeless, violated form;
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all! 1135
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN. 1141
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1145
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around, 1155
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,

All various Nature pressing on the heart ;
 And elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy: and consenting SPRING
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
 Till evening comes at last serene and mild;
 When after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER.

1160
thus
NG
lls
1170
n.
MER.
K 2

S U M M E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. Acatact, and rude scene. View of the Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well cultivated country; which introduces a penegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

S U M M E R.

FROM brightening fields of either far difelos'd,
Child of Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth :
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ; 5
While from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ;
And on the dark-green-grass, besides the brink 11
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, Inspiration ! from thy hermit seat 15
By Mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an extasy of soul.

20
AND

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite;
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
 Genius and wisdom; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastis'd goodness and wit,
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty and Man:
 O DODINGTON! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspire every line,
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

WITH what an awful world revolving power
 Where first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years.
 That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round,
 Minutely faithful: Such TH' ALL PERFECT
 HAND!

That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady WHOLE

WHEN now no more th' alternate Twins are
 fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of dews,
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east:
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
 And,

end, And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
 White break the clouds away. With quickened
 t; step,
 Brown night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
 23 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountains misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
 Blue, thro' the dust, the smoaking currents shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 30 Limp, awkward: while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 35 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
 And from the crouded fold, in order, drives 65
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.;

e; FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake;
 ay, And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 40 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 ECT To meditation due and sacred song? 70
 OLE For is there aught in sleep can charm the wife?
 are To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life;
 Total extinction of the enlightened soul!
 45 Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75
 Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams!
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk? 80
 But

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all. 85

Aflent the dew bright earth, and coloured air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rock, and hills, and tow'rs, and wandering
streams,

High gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplended robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen 95
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy System rolls entire; from the far bourne 100
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous
orbs 105

Where brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from th' unfettered mind,

By

By the sublim'd, down to the daily race, 116
The mixing myriads of thy setting beams.

THE vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of *Seasons* ! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
In world rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime, th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn : while, round thy beaming cur,
High seen, the *Seasons* led, in sprightly dance 121
Harmonious knit, the rosy finger'd Hours,
'The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews
And softened into joy the surly Storms. 125
'These in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy
touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

NOR to the surface of enlivened earth, 130
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal treasures, is thy force confin'd :
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
'The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ; 135
Hence labour draws his tools : hence burnish'd
War

Gleams on the day ; the nobler work of Peace
L Hence

Hence blefs mankind, a generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

THE unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; the polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the Ruby lights its deepen'd glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and of evening tinct, 150
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns,
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green Emerald flows. But, all combin'd 155
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucient stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds,
Rude ruins glitter: and the briny deep,

Seen

Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Reflex, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
 And all the much transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far; great delegated source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM! 175
 Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
 Whose single smile has from the first of time,
 Fill'd overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky:
 But should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening
 reel
 Wide from the spheres, and Chaos come again.

AND yet was every faltering tongue of Man,
 ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise;
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
 Even in the depth of solitary woods
 By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
 And to the quire celestial THEE resound, 190
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me by Nature's volume broad display'd;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
 My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms

Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds. 200
And morning fogs, that hover round the hills
In party coloured bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

HALF in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
Dew dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rill to muse;
While tyrant Heat, disspreading thro' the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can un pitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

HOME, from his morning task, the swain re-
treats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold: 221
While the full udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rock and magpie, to the grey grown oaks 225
That

That the calm village in their verdant arms,
 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight ;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound lies,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
 Attacks the mighty thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer-race
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
 Not mean, tho' simple, to the sun allay'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire. 240

WAK'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
 To higher life; by myriads, forth at once, 246
 Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
 Their beauty beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny water some 250
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
 They, sportive wheel; or, sailing down the
 stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout
 Or darting falcon. Through the green-wood
 glade 255
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
 In

In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb: for thee sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to warp,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 266
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
 Oft, inadvertant, from the milky stream 264
 They meet their fate; or weltering in the bowl,
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves,
 A constant death; where gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
 Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled heap 270
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front:
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering
 wing,
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground:
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,

With

With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close crouding o'er the brook.

GRADUAL, from these what numerous kinds
descend,

Evading even the microscopic eye!

Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals or atoms organized, 290

Waiting the vital Breath, when PARENT-HEA-
VEN

Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary sen,

In putrid steams, emits the living cloud

Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,

Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,

Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf 296

Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,

Within its winding citadel, the stone

Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,

That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300

The downy orchard, and the melting pulp

Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed

Of evanescent insects. Where the pool

Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,

Amid the floating verdure millions stray 305

Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,

Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,

With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream

Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,

Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310

Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd

By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape

The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds

In worlds inclos'd, should on his senses burst,

From

From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
 He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise

LET no presuming impious railer tax
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full-portion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art ! 325
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
 As with unfaultering accent to conclude
 That this availeth nought ? Has any seen 330
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink
 Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss !
 From which astonish'd thought, reconciling, turns?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend, 335
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd
 The quivering nations sport ; till, tempest-wing'd
 Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day.
 Even

S U M M E R.

9

Even to luxurious men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on 345
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
 Will blown away by death, oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil, 350
 Healthful and strong ; full as the summer rose
 Blown by prevailing furs, the ruddy maid,
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping age is here ; and infant-hands
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'erchar'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun, 360
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The ruffet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale 365
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook 370
 Forms a deep pool : this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,

M

Ere

S U M M E R.

Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly fides. And oft the swain, 375
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave, 380
 And panting labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
 'The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream ;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow 385
 Slow move the harmless race ; where, as they
 spread

'Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Only disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 'The country fill ; and toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings and around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd, 395
 Head above head ; and, rang'd in lussy rows,
 'The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay drest maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming on her shepherd king ;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 'To festive mirth, and wit that know no gall.
 Meantime their joyous talk goes on apace : 405
 Some mingling, stir the melted tar, and some
 Deep on the new shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp the master's cypher ready stand :
 Others the unwilling wether drag along :

And

And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears!
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A SIMPLE scene! Yet hence BRITANNIA sees
 Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
 The treasures of the sun, without his rage;
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast; 430
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns: and all 435
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending streams
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440

And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast fancy's blooms, and wither even the Soul.
 Echo no more returns the chearful sound
 Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
 And scarce a chirping grafs-hopper is heard
 'Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants
 The very streams look languid from afar;
 Or thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh intermit thy
 wrath!

And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn and look around for Night;
 Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
 'Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines: 460
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice enflam'd,

WELCOME, ye shades! ye bowery thickets
 hail?

Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !

Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !

Delicious is your shelter to the soul,

As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,

Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides 475

Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.

Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;

The heart beats glad ; the fresh expanded eye

And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;

And life shoots swift thro' all the lightenedlimbs

AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purls along

The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock, 481

Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,

Now starting to a sudden stream, and now

Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain :

A various groupe the herds and flocks compose,

Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank 485

Some ruminating lie ; while others stand

Half in the flood, and often bending sip

The circling surface. In the middle droops

The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490

Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides

The troublous insects lashes with his tail,

Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,

Slumbers the monarch-swain, his careless arm

Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd,

Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;

There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a slight

Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;

That startling scatters from the shallow brook 500

In

In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

OFT in the season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchlets his
 thirst:

He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
 And with wide nostrils, snoring skims the wave.

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth;
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 510
 And all is awful list'ning gloom around.

THESE are the haunts of Meditation, these
 The scenes were ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Extatic, felt; and from this world retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
 On gracious errands bent; to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For

For future trials fated to prepare ;
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast,
 Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd to turn the death ;
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd I feel 540
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, me-
 thinks,

A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,
 " Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we
 " From the same PARENT-POWER our beings
 " drew,
 " The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain 550
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 " Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
 " Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 " By noisy folly and discordant voice,
 " Ot nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
 " Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 " When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 " Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 " And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 " The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade: 560
 " A

“ A privilege bestow’d by us alone,
 “ On contemplation, or the hallow’d ear
 “ Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain.”

AND art thou, * STANLEY, of that sacred band?
 Alas, for us too soon ! Tho’ rais’d above
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet with a mingled ray
 Of sadly pleas’d remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother’s love, a mother’s tender woe :
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir’d : where mortal wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow’d
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears :
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse : the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue : no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Thro’ endless ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision wrapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense

Wakes

* A young lady, well known to the author, who
 died at the age of eighteen in the year 1738.

Wakes from the charms of thought: swift shrink-
ing back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls far, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country
round.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Assant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 615
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint

Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes; and then resounds, 620
 A loud song of sorrow thro' the grove.

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air;
 There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head, 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded: where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight
 And view the wonders of the torrid Zone:
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chafes from the sky,
 The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air:
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The * general breeze to mitigate his fire,
 And

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from
 the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and
 south-

And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.

Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd

And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,

Returning suns † and double seasons pass : 645

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,

That on the high equator ridgy rise.

Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :

Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,

Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills ; 650

Or to the far horizon wide, diffus'd,

A boundless deep immensity of shade.

Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,

The noble sons of potent heat and floods

Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Hea-

ven

Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw

Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,

Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste

And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,

And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660

Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats

A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

N 2

BEAR

South-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

BEAR me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange glowing thro' the green,
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs: or lead me thro' the maze,
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
 O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride 68;
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

FROM these the prospect varies. Plains im-
 mense 690
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs where the wandering eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another

Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden
hand

Exuberant spring : for oft these valleys shift
Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

ALONG these lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds, that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas :
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his
side,

The darted steel in idle shivers flies :
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High

* The Hippopotamus, or river horse.

High rais'd in solemn theatre around, 720
 Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
 O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd
 Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he 725
 Of what the never-resting race of Men
 Project; thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state
 The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert
 And bid him range amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's
 hand, 735

That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. * But if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
 Thro'

* In the regions of the torrid zone, the birds though
 more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less
 melodious than ours.

Thro' the soft silence of the listening night, 745
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

BUT come, my Muse, the desert barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the tolling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennur; ardent climb 750
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
No Holy Fury thou, blaspheming HEAVEN,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The

The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
 And o'er the varied landskip, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of
 noon

The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom,
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits the stream, incessant vapours roll,
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent born along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming ocean charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas condens'd
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage,
 Till, in the furious elemental war
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

THE treasures these, hid from the boundless
 search
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual
 pomp,

S U M M E R.

105

Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realms,
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles 810
 That with unfaded verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along: 815
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand: till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave. 821

His brother Nirger too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind
 Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar; 826
 From * Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
 And pour untelling harvest o'er the land.

O

NOR

*The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks
 vast multitude of those insects called Fire flies make
 beautiful appearance in the night.*

NOR less thy world, COLUMBUS drinks,
 fresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year,
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
 Roll a brown deluge; and the native drives
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes huge descends
 The might † Orellana. Scarce the Muse
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wonderous length of course
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
 In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wild
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
 O'er peopled plains they far-diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle:
 The sea of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons,
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain:

BUT what avails this wonderous waste
 wealth?

† The river of the Amazons.

his gay profusion of luxurious blifs ?
 his pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,
 their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
 vagrant birds dispers'd and wafting winds,
 what their unplanted fruits ? what the cool
 draught ; 865
 ? ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
 their forests yield ? Their toiling insects what,
 their silky pride and vegetable robes !
 what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
 Olinda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ;
 here dwelt the gentlest children of the sun
 what all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
 or odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?
 fated race ! the softening arts of Peace, 875
 what'er the humanizing Muses teach ;
 the godlike wisdom of the tempered breast ;
 aggressive truth, the patient force of thought ;
 investigation calm, whose silent powers
 command the world ; the LIGHT that leads to
 HEAVEN ; 880
 and equal rule, the government of laws,
 and all protecting FREEDOM, which alone
 stains the name and dignity of Man ;
 these are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize 885
 and, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
 beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 and feature gross : or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 and jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 the soft regards, the tenderness of life, 890

The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity : these court the beam
 Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the mild tury of voluptuous sense,
 There lost. The very brute-creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds : and while, with threatening
 tongue,

And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high concocted venom thro' the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
 The vital current. Form'd to humble Man
 This child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood the savage race
 Roam licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man,
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods

Of Ma
 That v
 Innum
 Majest
 And, v
 Deman
 Crow
 Where
 They
 The o
 And t
 Her t
 Or st
 The v
 Whil
 From
 U
 Socie
 Amic
 Sad
 And
 Still
 Whe
 Ship
 At e
 A m
 Sink
 And
 Yet
 Of
 And
 Her

Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925
 Majestic stalking o'er the printed sand :
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease 930
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. 'Th' awakened village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the Pyrate's den
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 935
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again :
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastwards to the frighted Nile.

UNHAPPY he ! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone 940
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds ;
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
 And hiss continual thro' the tedious night, 950
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes,
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome.
 And guilty Cæsar, LIBERTY retir'd,
 Her CATO following thro' Numidian wilds :
 Disdainful

Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
 And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

NOR stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
 Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
 Son of the desert! even the camel feels, 966
 Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play; 670
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise:
 And by their noon-day fount-dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

BUT chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
 Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide.
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The

S U M M E R.

111

The circling † Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire † Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow: By rapid fate oppos'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000
 With such mad seas the daring * GAMA fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape;
 By bold ambition led and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade: the Genius, then, 1009
 Of

† Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

‡ Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The * LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, HEAV'N in-
 spir'd 1010
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate, 1015
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the-scent
 Of steaming crowds of rank disease, and death
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1021
 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
 The stormy fate descend: one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled
 limbs,
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless fun,
 And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And

* Don Henry, third son to John the first, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031

In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035

A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.

Such as, of late, at Carthage quench'd 1040

The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw

The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw

To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;

Saw the deep racking pang, the ghastly form,

The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045

No more with ardour bright; you heard the
 groans

Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore:

Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves,

The frequent corse: while on each other fix'd,

In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050

Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,

Where frequent o'er the sick'ning city, Plague,

The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,

Descends? * From Ethiopia's poisoned woods,

P

From

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, Dr Mead's elegant book on that subject.

From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields 105
 With locust armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate Man! and o'er his guilty domes 106
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death,
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow the wholesome breeze, and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then 107
 Deject his watchful eye, and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad
 Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd 108
 The cheartful haunt of Men: unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror
 reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and loud to hea-
 ven 109
 Screaming the dreadful policy arraigns,
 Inhuman, and unwise, The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society;
 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie, 110
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 111
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.

Thus

Thus c'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wings; while to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

MUCH yet remains unsung: the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted
 year:

Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 The expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100
 But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, flow setting o'er the lucid grove
 Unusual darkness broods: and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd 1105
 With wrothful vapour from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the Mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame 1110
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment; till, by the torch æthereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,

Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the ærial tribes
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye; by Man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crouded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud: 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
 And opens wider: shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling: peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone descending rain. Wide rent the clouds
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th

found
 rm,
 flood,
 1126
 ze
 ens
 1125
 all:
 1138
 ven,
 1135
 re
 1140
 al
 th.
 clouds
 ch'd,
 Th

Wh' unconquerable lightning struggles through;
 ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 and fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149
 black from the stroke, above the mouldering pine
 stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and stretch'd below,
 a lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
 here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 they wore alive, and ruminating still
 in fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull, 1155
 and ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff
 the venerable tower and spiry fane
 resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 start at the flash, and from the deep recess,
 Wide flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud 1161
 the repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
 into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
 tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak
 dissolving, instant yields his wintry load. 1166
 far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 And Thule bellows thro' her utmost isles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled
 thought,

And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
 Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON
 and his AMELIA were a matchless pair;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone;
 hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY

THEY lov'd; but such their guiltless passion
was,

As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow, 118
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 118
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd, the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So, pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffl'd; till, in evil hour, 119
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd 119
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on CELADON her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek
In vain assuring love and confidence 120
In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear; it grew, and
shook

Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
Which love illumin'd high. 'Fear not,' he said,
'Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence, 120
'And inward storm! HE, who yon skies involve
'In

In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
 Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 To clasp perfection! From his void embrace,
 Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground,
 A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maids,
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe? 1220
 So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shattered
 clouds

Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky 1225
 Sublimier swells, and o'er the world expands
 A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy, 1230
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
 Invests the fields; and nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
 Most favour'd: who with voice articulate

Should

Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own, 124
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

CHEAR'D by the milder beams, the sprightly
 youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal
 depth

A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 124
 Gazing the inverted landskip, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood,
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
 Instant, emerge; and thro' the obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd. 125
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 His humour leads, an easy winding path;
 While from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 125

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer heats;
 Nor, 'when old WINTER keens the bright'ning
 flood,

Would I weak shivering linger on the brink.
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd 126
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,

First learn'd, when tender, to subdue the wave.
 Even, from the body's purity, the mind 1266
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,
 Where winded into pleasing solitudes
 Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat,
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs;
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
 play'd

Among the bending willows, falsely he
 Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd. 1275
 He felt his flames; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
 In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his views,
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285
 Of mighty monarchs then decided thine.
 For lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
 This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought;
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd:
 And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe 1290
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd;
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295

Perplex'd

Q

Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire;
 But love forbad. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would ye have done?
 Meantime this fairer nymph than ever blest
 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300
 'The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah! then not Paris on the piny top
 Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
 The rival goddesses the veil divine 1305
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, DAMON, thou; as from the snowy leg,
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
 And, thro' th' parting robe, th' alternate breast,
 With youth wild throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But desperate youth,
 How durst thou risque the soul distracting view;
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
 Harmonious swell'd by nature's finest hand, 1315
 In folds loose floating fell the fainter lawn;
 And fair expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
 'Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed;
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew 1325
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
That

That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew 1330
 Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw. 'Bathe on, my
 ' fair,
 ' Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1340
 ' Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
 ' To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 ' And each licentious eye.' With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood: 1345
 So stands the * statue that enchants the world,
 So bending trees to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find these robes
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd 1350
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well known hand she
 saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem 1356
 Q² And

* *The Venus of Medici.*

And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted : even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul ;
 And on the spreading beach, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy
 ' Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses
 ' mean, 156
 ' By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 ' Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now
 ' Discreet : the time may come you need not fly.'

THE sun has lost his rage ! his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth, 137
 And vital lustre ; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
 heaven

Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below 137
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse 138
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul ;
 ' To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 138
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,

Displays

Displays its charms; whose minds are richly
fraught

With philosophic stores, superior light;

And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns

Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance: 1390

Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:

Now to the verdant Portico of woods,

To nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;

By that kind School where no proud master
reigns

The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395

Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,

Retired to sweet retirement, lovers steal,

And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE

Of love approving hears, and calls it good. 1399

Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course?

The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we
chuse?

All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind

Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?

Or court the forest-glades; or wander wild

Along the waving harvest? or ascend, 1405

While radiant Summer opens all its pride,

Thy hill, delightful * Shene? Here let us sweep

The boundless landskip: now the raptur'd eye,

Exulting swift to huge AUGUSTA fend,

Now to the † Sister Hills that skirt her plain 1410

To

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Sax-
on, Shining, or Splendor.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering
 walks,

Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing Muse.
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE of THAMES
 Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In Twitnam's bow'rs, and for their POPE implore
 The healing God † to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Escher's groves
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
 From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

HEAVENS! what a goodly prospect spreads a-
 round,

† *In his last sickness.*

of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and
 spires,
 and glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landskip into smoke decays! 1440
 Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF
 ARTS,
 Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
 and scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime; 1445
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
 With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless: while, roving round the sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves, 1450
 Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teams with
 wealth;
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil. 1455

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art;
 And trade and joy, in every busy street
 Mingling are heard; even Drudgery himself
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1461
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
 Refigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

BOLD,

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous
 youth,
 By hardship finew'd and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go ; and first,
 Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plains 147
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high ;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource 147
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many ! ALFRED thine,
 In whom the splendor of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 148
 Combine ; whose hallowed name the virtuous
 saint,
 And his own Muses love ; the best of Kings !
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine ;
 Names dear to Fame ; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul, the terror of thy arms, 148
 That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
 And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just, 149
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal, and wise a WALSINGHAM is thine ;
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.

Then

Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN ?
 In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd :
 RALEIGH, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast
 with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500
 Nor sunk his figure, when a coward reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1505
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass, 1510
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
 A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wife, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age 1515
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew 1521
 The grave where RUSSEL lies ; whose temper'd
 blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk 1525
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him,

R

His

His friend, the * BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards ; 1538
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muse's song.
 Thine is a BACON hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil form of state, 1539
 And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course : him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant : in one rich soul, 1540
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and GULLY join'd.
 'The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545
 And definitions void : he led her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN ! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.
 The generous † ASHLEY thine, the friend of MAN ;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye, 1551
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the mortal beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works, 1556
 The

* ALGERON SIDNEY. † ANTONY
 ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of Shaftsbury.

The great CREATOR fought? And why thy
LOCKE,

Who made the whole internal world his own!
Let NEWTON, pure Intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild SHAKESPEARE thine and Nature's
boast? 1564

Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime. 1570
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master laughing sage, 1575
CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own, 1580
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white,
Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,

Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul, 159
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss! amid the subject seas
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up 159
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
 Nor to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea wave. 1600

O THOU! By whose almighty Nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
 In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
 Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance
 Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws:
 Rough Industry; Activity untir'd
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 The first paternal virtue, Public Zeal; 1615
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

dew, Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train, 1621
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 159 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot fought the bowers,
 Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs, 1625
 (So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orbs;
 Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
 159 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain and void; 1630
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 1600 This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635
 Who all day long in fordid pleasure roll'd,
 And, Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 1605 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth.
 But to the generous still improving mind, 1640
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 1610 Boastless as now descends the silent dew;
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

615 CONFESS'd from yonder flow-extinguish'd
 clouds,
 All ether softening, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air;
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She

She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye 16
 Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year, 166
 From field to field the feathered feed the wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail; 166
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where 167
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game, and revelry, to pass
 The summer-night, as village stories tell.
 But far above they wander from the grave 167
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

AMONG

S U M M E R.

135

AMONG the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the
dark,

moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter robe.
Of Massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd 1685

in mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Kings half an image on the straining eye;

While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,

Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love; with purest ray

sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh, 1695
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky; of horizontal dart 1700

in wondrous shapes; by fearful murmuring crowds
tortentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,

The life infusing suns of other worlds;
O! from the dread immensity of space 1705
Returning with accelerated course,

The rushing comet to the sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,

The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith

And

And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few
 Whose god-like minds philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 171
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which mount-
 ing spurns

This husky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 172
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining LOVE:
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs, 173
 'Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that,
 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day, 1735
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and angel-wing'd
 The heights of science, and of virtue gains, 1740
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
 The First up tracing, from the dreary void,

S U M M E R.

137

The chain of causes and effects to HIM, 1745
The world producing ESSENCE, who alone
Possesses being; while the Last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense 1750
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'd by thee, hence POETRY exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind! 1755
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

WITHOUT thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough clad; devoid of every finer art, 1760
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd with tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guarded law were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
Mechanic; nor the heaven conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770
And woes on woes, a still revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all 1775

S

Embellish

Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

NOR to this evanescent speck of earth 178
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
 Creation thro'; and from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 178
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who spoke the Word
 And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 The obedient phantoms vanish or appear; 179
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
 And notion quite abstract; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life 179
 Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, fits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits, 180
 This Infancy of Being cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of GOD,
 By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN

A U T U M N.

S 2

THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr ONSLOW
A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry by that view. Raping
A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting
and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account
of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit
A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the
latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, en-
quiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds
of season considered, that now shift their habitation
The prodigious number of them that cover the
northern and western isles of SCOTLAND
Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the
discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusk
day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning
to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun shiny day, such
as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being
gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole
concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical life.*

A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the fickle and the wheaten sheaf,

While **AUTUMN**, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost,
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ON SLOW ! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue, she,
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
When'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the Patriot's with the Poet's flame.

WHEN

WHEN the bright Virgin gives the beauteous
 days,
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year ;
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence
 shook

Off parting Summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enlivened, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm ; while broad and brown, below
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head :
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :
 A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poize, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;
 The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gally checker'd heart-expanding view
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY ! rough
 power !
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
 And all the soft civility of life ;
 Raifer of human kind ! by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around.

Materials

Materials infinite ; but idle all,
 Still unexerted in th' conscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,
 Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand 55
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year
 And still the sad barbarian roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
 Aghast, and comfortless, with the bleak north, 60
 With Winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
 And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.
 For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into blifs.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crowds ; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along ;
 A waste of time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth ;
 His faculties unfolded : pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of art demanded ; show'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth ;
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent and the gather'd blast ; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe :
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finished fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And

And wrapt them in the wooly vestment warm, 8
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life refining soul of decent wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity:
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95

THEN gathering men their natural powers combin'd,

And form'd a Public; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented Whole; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
 Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;

And,

AUTUMN.

145

arm, 8 and, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
; from twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
our'd To bows strong straining, her aspiring sons. 117
ke

90 THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big ware-house built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded
street

; With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES,
ul, large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!

95 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts 124

rs com- shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk

Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,

100 The boat light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130

From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with
oak,

105 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and
bold,

The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN to the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
its ample roof; and luxury within 135

Pour'd out her glitt'ring stores: the canvass smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view

110 Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch

Of forming art, imagination flush'd. 140

T

ALL

And,

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 D^{el}ightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 'Th' excluded tempest idly rave along,
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy spring,
 Without him Summer were an arid waste,
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could this transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That waving round, recal my wandering song.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lustrous sheaves;
 While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His lated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind

Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends:
 And Fortune snil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN, 180
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 In solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd 185
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes; 195
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace 200
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods,
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compelled
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's field. The pride of swain
 PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy,
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom to himself unknown:
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should in his heart own a gleaner in the field:
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

WHAT

20 (WHAT pity! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 21 Of old ACASIO's line; and to my mind
 Recals that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise:
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 And once-fair spreading family, dissolv'd. 246
 21 'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better
 ' days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 22 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 225 Of bountiful ACASIO; who can speak 255
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran!
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once, 260
 23 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMEN, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul. 264
 ' AND art thou, then, ACASIO's dear remains!
 ' She whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 ' So

- ' So long in vain? O heavens! the very fame;
 ' The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 ' Alive; his every look, his every feature, 26
 ' More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring
 ' Thou soul surviving blossom from the root
 ' That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 ' In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 ' The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN?
 ' Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair; 27
 ' Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 ' Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years?
 ' O let me now, into a richer soil,
 ' Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and
 ' showers,
 ' Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 28
 ' And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
 ' Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 ' ACASTO's daughter, his whose open stores,
 ' Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 ' The father of a country, thus to pick 28
 ' The very refuse of those harvest fields,
 ' Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 ' Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
 ' hand,
 ' But ill apply'd to such a rugged task:
 ' The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
 ' If, to the various blessings which thy house 29
 ' Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 ' That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!

HERE ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking
 eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 29

A U T U M N.

151

With conscious virtue, gratitude and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, the blush'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd
 away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam,
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours: 306
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair!
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year, 311
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft inclining fields of corn. 315
 But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
 Stain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,

The

'The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 'Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingling tempest waves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave, 33
 Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
 'The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvest, cottages, and swains,
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'
 In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
 And well earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck 34
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 35
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hands,
 That sink you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board, 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse;
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice?
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

HERE

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
 The gun fast thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural Game :
 How, in his mid career, the spaniel struck.
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye,
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more :
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
 Overtakes their sounding pinions ; and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind. 380

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ;
 Then most delighted, when she social sees 381
 The whole mix'd animal creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely-cheartful barbarous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
 Alham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power

U

Inflam'd,

Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone fen
 Retir'd; the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chap
 The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
 Of the same friendly hue the wither'd fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution; tho' she fits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
 By nature rais'd to take the horizon in;
 An head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
 In scattered fullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once:
 The pack full opening, various the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;

O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 425

THE stag, too, singled from the herd, where
 long

He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He, sprightly, put his faith; and rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight; 430

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen air'd mountain by the north
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood; 436

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling through his every shift. 440

He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing lees
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day:
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445

To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450

Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair,
 The big round tears run down his dapple pate:

He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
 Blood happy, hang at his fair jutting chest, 45
 And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,
 'The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow, 46
 Advancing full on the portended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf, on him his shaggy foe 46
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRIT-
 TONS, then 47

Your sportive fury, pityless to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
 Thro' the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
 High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass. 476
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks, 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost;
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;

Rush

pack, Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the
 45 lawn,
 h gor In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game
 For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;
 Has every maze involv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
 46 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers! when the retreating horn
 46 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honour grac'd: the fox's fur,
 Depending decent from the roof; and spread 496
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
 The stag's large front; he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
 47 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
 The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoaking sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,
 476 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defaced
 While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 480 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round

A potent gale, delicious as the breath
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years: and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whilst a while
 Walks his dull round beneath a cloud of smoke,
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick
 dice

In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon: while romp loving mis-
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idleneffes laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled sot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses,
 hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;

That

5 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 545
 And opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,
 The laugh, the flap, the jocund curse go round :
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd
 hounds
 52 Mix in the music of the day again.
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
 The dark night long, with fainter murmurs fall :
 So gradual sings their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
 Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their Maudlin eyes,
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance, 555
 52 Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 Glasses and bottles, pipes, and gazetteers,
 As if the table even itself was drunk,
 Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below, 560
 530 Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride
 The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
 And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
 Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch, 565
 535 Awful and deep, a black abyfs of drink,
 Outlives them all ; and from his bury'd flock
 Retiring full of rumination sad,
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.]

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Far be the spirit of the chase from them !
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ;
 The

The cap, the whip, the masculine attire :
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
 With every motion, every word, to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man.
 O may their eyes no miserable fight,
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
 Thro' love's enchanting wiles, pursu'd, yet fled,
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress !
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips :
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties : in their race
 To rear their graces into second life ;
 To give society its highest taste ;
 Well ordered Home Man's best delight to make,
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life ;
 This, be the female dignity, and praise.

all 57 YE swains now hasten to the hazel-bank,
Where, down yon dale, the wildly winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array 611
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
58 Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
blush; The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade:
And where they burnish on the topmast bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree;
58 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair: 620
fled, MELINDA! form'd with every grace complete,
abs Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
59 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

s: HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In chearful error, let us tread the maze 625
step, Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
595 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever changing composition mixt, 635
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
605 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640
YE X Dwells

Dwells in their gelid pores : and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue :
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 PHILIP'S Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 64
 With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods ; some strong to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind :
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 65

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day ;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of DODINGTON, thy seat, serene and plain ;
 Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view, 65
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect ; yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with
 flocks !

Meantime the grandeur of the lofty dome,
 Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 66
 New beauties rise with each revolving day ;
 New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring
 finds

New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all ! the Muses' seat :
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk, 66
 For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay,
 Her wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze ; and meditate the book
 Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence, 67
 Warm

Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit impurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
 Presents the downy peach; the shining plum; 675
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots,
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south,
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,
 The vineyard swells refulgent on that day;
 Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
 Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 686
 From cliff to cliff encreas'd the heightened blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flames
 Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
 White o'er the surgent film the living dew, 691
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh. 696
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mazy flood;
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy; 700
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl,

The mellow tasted burgundy, and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, fits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD)
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735
 With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows
 The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains
 play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740
 Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,
 Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way,
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along;
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again
 Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream! why should the waters love 755
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray, 760
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so
 long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,

The

The spoil of ages, would impervious choak
 Their secret channels; or by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales;
 Old ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's watry times again.

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs
 That like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
 O thou pervading Genius, given to Man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view,
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's fullen bounds!
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
 O from the sounding summits of the north,
 The Dofrine-hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
 From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
 Believes the * stony girdle of the world;

* The Muscovies call the Riphean mountains
 Weliki Camenypoys, that is, the great stony
 Girdle: because they suppose them to encompass the
 whole earth..

and all the dreadful mountains wrapt in storm,
 whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
 sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
 that ever works beneath his bounding base, 795
 Atlas, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
 his subterranean wonders spread! unveil
 the miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 of Abyssinia's cloud commelling cliffs,
 and of the bending * Mountains of the moon!
 surtopping all these giant-sons of earth, 801
 set the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
 stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 the southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
 amazing scene! Behold the glooms disclose, 805
 see the rivers in their infant beds!
 deep, deep I hear them labouring to get free!
 see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
 the gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 the melting snows, and ever dripping fogs 810
 strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 the pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 the gutter'd rocks and mazy running clefts;
 that while the stealing moisture they transmit,
 retard its motion, and forbid its waste. 816
 beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,
 see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 the mighty reservoirs of harden'd chalk,
 Nor stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820
 O'erflowing

* A range of mountains in Africa, that surround
 almost all Monomotapa.

O'erflowing thence the congregated stores
 'The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
 And welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair divided earth,
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce-hold, and firm support
 The full adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play
 The swallow people; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
 The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring bank,
 And where unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back, for thronging now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
 The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,

Consulting

consulting deep, and various ere they take
 their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.-
 and now their rout design'd, their leaders chose;
 their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
 and many a circle, many a short essay, 856
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figured flight ascends; and, riding high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles 861
 Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made? what nations come and go?
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise; 866
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

HERE the plain harmless native his small flock:
 And herd diminutive of many hues, 870
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign: or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his various food;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
 Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view;
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880
 Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand

Y

Planted

Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vale
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent
 stream,

Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed
 With silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
 To where the north inflated tempest foams
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
 Nurse of a people in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race,
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave;
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
 Great patriot hero! ill requited chief!)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds;
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that god-like Luxury is placed,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain?

And

and teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
 Now, by the finest art, the native robe 915
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
 Now to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets,
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
 Now all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
 And thus, in soul united as in name, 925
 Old BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep?

YES, there are such. And full on thee, AR-
 GYLE,

Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye; 930
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd.
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
 Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age. 941
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,

While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains fo-
 late 975
 swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.
 O let not aim'd from some inhuman eye, 984
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf 987
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. — Even what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul. 1000

HE comes! he comes! in every breeze the
 POWER
 Of

Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 100
 The softened feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
 Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
 Infuses every tenderness; and far 101
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise, 101
 As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
 To rapture, and divine astonishment;
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
 To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn 102
 Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
 Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
 With all the social offspring of the heart. 102

OH bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
 To weeping grottoes and prophetic glooms; 103
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

A U T U M N.

175

OR is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,

That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036

Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land

In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees;

O lead me to the wide extended walks,

The fair majestic paradise of STOWE *! 1040

Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore

E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art

By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd

By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,

All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045

And there, O PITT, thy country's early boast,

There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,

Or in that † Temple where, in future times,

Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;

And, with thy converse blest, catch the last

smiles 1050

Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.

While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,

The regulated wild, gay Fancy then

Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land;

Will from thy standard-taste refine her own, 1055

Correct her pencil to the purest truth

Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades

Forfaking, raise it to the human mind.

Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,

Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,

To

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

To mark the varied movements of the heart, 106
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne. 106

While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian Vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes;
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files 107
 Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long-embattled hosts! when the proud foe
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war; 107
 When keen, once more, within their bounds t
 prefs

Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves
 The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise com
 mand,
 Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill

THE western sun withdraws the shortened day
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping water
 ooze,

Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 108
 The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,

Where

Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube describes, 1091
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

BUT when half-blotted from the sky her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn 1102
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;
 Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white; 1105
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots: unsweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

FROM look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes 1115
 Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array,
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
 Till the long lines of full extended war
 In bleeding sight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120

On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle; cries overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame; 11
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 The unalterable hour: Even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 11
 Not so the Man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful and new. 11

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
 Distinction lost; and gay variety 11
 One universal blot; such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Dread is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimera's huge; 11
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 'The wild fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss: 11
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,

Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph :
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife, 1155
 And plaintive children his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the better Genius of the night,
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane, 1159
 The meteor sits ; and shews the narrow path,
 That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

THE lengthened night elaps'd, the morning
 shines,
 serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day, 1165
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;
 And hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew drops twinkle round.

AH see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that
 pit 1170
 Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
 Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoiced 1176
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust. 1181

And

And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring
 Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning summer-heats away ?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste
 Nor lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ? 110
 O man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation ? When obliged,
 Must you destroy ! Of their ambrosial food 115
 Can you not borrow ; and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ?
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day ?
 See where the stony bottom of their town 119
 Looks desolate and wild ; with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 120
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd
 Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame. 125

HENCE every harsher fight ; for now the day,
 O'er heav'n and earth diffus'd, grows warm and
 high,

Infinite splendor ! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze ! save what the filmy thread
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 121
 How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue ! the ethereal arch

How

Now swell'd immense ! amid whose azure thron'd.
 The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below
 The gilded earth ! the harvest treasures all 1215
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
 While loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung
 youth

By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
 Darts not unmeaning looks ; and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
 Begins again the never ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of Men-
 The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice Few retir'd, 1235
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
 Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give, 1241
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,

The

The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?
 What tho' from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life 124
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury, and death ? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?
 What tho' he knows not those fantastie joys, 125
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
 Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the
 bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn
 beams ;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies 1261
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
 These art not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
 Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear :
 Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
 Unfollied beauty ; sound unbroken youth, 1272
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;

Health

Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

1275

LET others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.

Let this through cities work his eager way, 1285

By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290

Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state. 1296

While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1301
Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And

A U T U M N.

185

130 Glates his being, and unfolds his powers; 1335
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Extatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth 1341
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind. 1345
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew: the life,
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all! 1350
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep 1356
 Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals; and higher still, the mind, 1360
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal; if the blood, 1365
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid

A a

That

That best ambition ; under closing shades,
nglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my
song ;

And let me never never stray from THEE ! 137

W

WIN

in
n
37

W I N T E R.

IN.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMINGTON. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various Storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A man perishing among them whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

W

SEE,
Sul
Vapour

These!
And

Conger
Pleas'd
When
And fu
Pleas'd
Trod
Heard
Or see
In the
Till t
Look

To
The
Since

W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my
theme,

These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred
glooms!

Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure; 11
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and
smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:

Skim'd

Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne,
 Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise; 2
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
 And now among the wintry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive:
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
 To Capricorn, the Centaur Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius, stains th' inverted year;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
 And; soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
 Wide shading all, the prostrate world resigns.

Nor

Nor is th
 Light, li
 Meantin
 Deep-tin
 And all
 Involve
 A heavy
 Thro' N
 And rou
 The fou
 And bla
 The cat
 Fresh fr
 Untend
 Along
 Sighs t
 And up
 And fr
 And c
 Refoun

TH
 Wrap
 Drive
 Dash
 That
 Lies a
 Pour
 Comb
 The
 Each
 To t
 Or fl

Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
 The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with more than melancholy views.
 The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
 Fresh from the plough, the dun discoloured flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
 Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds 77
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love 81
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.

The

The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.

Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that
blows

Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent
swell'd,

And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid
stream;

There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders
through.

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!

Ye too ye winds! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
 In what far distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

WHEN from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shivered ray;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats. 131
 With broadened nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the Last. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
 Of clamorous rocks thick urge their weary flight,
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove; 142

Affiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves; while from the
 shore,

Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn founding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air,
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
 Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:
 Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into Chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste
 Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round

Nor
 The mo
 Sloop to
 one on
 The dar
 And; of
 Low wa
 What o
 Dash'd
 Affiduo
 Thus st
 The wh
 And on
 Keen-fa
 Sleep fi
 For ent
 Then t
 Long g
 That,
 Warn
 Hu
 With
 All na
 Amid
 And o
 Walks
 Then

As

No

NOR less at land the loosened tempest reigns.
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons 176
 Scoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 One on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base,
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant
 sighs,
 That, uttered by the Demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

HUGE uproar lords it wide. The clouds com-
 mix'd
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky. 196
 All nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
 Then straight air, sea, and earth are hush'd at
 once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 B b 2 Slow

Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night,
 And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life!
 Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train!
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life! thou GOOD su-
 PREME!
 O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure
 Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss!

THE keener tempests rise: and tuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
 And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
 Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower de-
 scends,
 At first thin wavering; 'till at last the flakes

Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide 240
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods, 246
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 350
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying Men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening
 earth,

With

With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be
kind,

Baffle the raging year, and fill their pennis 266
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing
east,

In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; 'till, upward urg'd
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands, sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts
of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
Hi

His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then thron'g the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, un-
 known,

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift, 306
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots,
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

A H

AH little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; 340
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand 345
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond
 Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life, 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;

The

The cor
 And her
 The foc
 And int
 Refinin

AND
 Who,

Into th
 Unpitie
 Where

And po
 While

Whose
 With o
 Snatch
 Tore f
 Even r

The fi
 Or, as
 At ple

And c
 That f

O gre
 With

Ye fo
 Drag

Wren

The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ; 355
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous * band, 360
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive
 search'd

Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ?
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans ;
 Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger
 burn,

And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
 While in the land of liberty, the land 365
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrant's rag'd ;
 Saatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ;
 The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
 O great design ! if executed well, 375
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy ! yet resume the search ;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,

C c

And

* The Jail Committee, in the Year 1729.

And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 38
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day ! that saw these broke
 And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 39
 And wavy Appennine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !
 Burning for blood ! bony, and ghaunt, and grim
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ; 39
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 40
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance
 The generous lion stands in softened gaze, 40
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !) 41
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,

Mix

Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they
howl.

AMONG those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell; 415
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud thundering down they
come,

A wintry waste in dire commotion all; 419
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
Rous'd at the inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-lived volume; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First SOCRATES,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,

Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,
That Voice of GOD within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death ;
Great moral teacher ! Wisest of Mankind ! 44
SOLOON the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide base ; by tender Laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 45
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
The pride of smiling GREECE, and human-kind
LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
All human passions. Following him, I see, 45
As at Thermopyle he glorious fell,
The firm * DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd b
deeds

The hardest lesson which the other taught.
Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just; 46
In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
Who, even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty † Rival's fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 46
CIMON sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 47

• * LEONIDAS.

†THEMISTOCLES.

Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 44 TIMOLEN, happy temper! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the Brother, while the Tyrant bled;
 And, equal to the best, the * THEBAN PAIR, 476
 Whose virtues, in heroic Concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 45 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 PHOCION the Good; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 45 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooch'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
 And he, the last of old LYCURGUS' sons, 486
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a rotten state, AGIS, who saw
 Even SPARTA's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train. 490
 46 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly lingering liberty in GREECE:
 And he her darling as her latest hope,
 The gallant PHILOPOEMEN; who to arms
 46 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain; 496
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
 47 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
 Which.

* PELOPIDAS and EPAMINONDAS.

Which knew no stain, save that with partial
flame.

Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd:
Her better Founder first, the light of ROME,
NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
SERVIUS the King, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 50
Then the great consuls venerable rise.

The * PUBLIC FATHER, who the Private quell'd
And on the dread tribunal sternly sat.

He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes. 51

FABRICUS, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.

Thy † WILLING VICTIM, Carthage, bursting
loose

From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.

SCIPIO, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the Poetic shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd. 520

TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing ROME.
Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in extreme.
And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525
Lifted.

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

† REGULUS.

Lifted the Roman steel against thy Friend.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun: 531
 'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side,
 The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they
 walk,

Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 536
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the MORAL SCENE:
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting

LYRE.

FIRST of your kind! society divine! 541
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend, 550
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart:
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

WHERE

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND? thou the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng! 55
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
 Which stung thy fervent breast! that treasure-store

Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain 56
 name?

What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
 Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
 Ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits, 57
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blythe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame 579

Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
 Or sprung eternal from th' ETERNAL MIND;
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580
 And each diffusive harmony unite
 In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye

Then

Then would we try to scan the moral World,
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order; fitted and impell'd, 585
 By WISDOM's finest hand, and issuing all
 In general Good. The sage historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd and fell, 589
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray 595
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest
 stream
 Of rural life; or snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth, and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprize;

Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 61
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

MEANTIME the village rouses up the fire ;
While well attested and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round ;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 62
Or, frequent in the sounding hall they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd, the long loud laugh, sincere ;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side long maid
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep : 62
The leap, the slap, the haul : and, shook to note
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulph 63
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and involv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp ; 64
The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves ;
While, a gay insect in his summer shine, 64
The top, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

DREAM

DRE
f
OTHE
And B
Terror
Steals o
Holds t
And ra
Someti
Of bea
Or cha
O T
Whose
To tou
Join'd
And al
Give t
At onc
Of pol
O CH
Ere to
Indulg
For e
To m
To m
Reje
That

*

by Si

DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET
stalks;

OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.

Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek; or else the COMIC MUSE
Holds to the world a picture of itself, 651

And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the
scenes

Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous * BEVIL shew'd.

O THOU, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,

And all Apollo's animating fire, 660

Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian ornament, and joy,

Of polish'd life; permit the Rural Muse,

O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song!

Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665

Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,

(For every Muse has in thy train a place)

To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:

To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn;

Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670

That elegant politeness, which excels,

D d 2

Even

* *A character in the Conscious Lovers, written
by Sir Richard Steele.*

Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point, 67
 And kind well temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects.
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd 68
 BRITANIA's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears;
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the
 heart, 68
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
 And even reluctant party feels a while
 Thy gracious power; as thro' the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:
 For now, behold, the joyous, winter-days, 692
 Frosty, succeed: and thro' the blue serene
 For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies;
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 Storing afresh with elemental life,
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constrigent; feeds, and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain: 701
 Where sits the soul intense, collected, cool,
 Bright

Bright as the skies, and as the season keen,
 All Nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. 'The frost concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire; and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow: their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

WHAT art thou, frost? and whence are thy
 keen stores

Deriv'd, thou secret all invading power, 715
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round, 721
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 And icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. - The loosen'd ice,
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day, 726
 Rustles no more; but to the sedge bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The whole imprison'd river growls below. 731
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise; while at his evening watch,

The

The village dog deters the nightly thief;
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 73
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full, ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 74
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears 746
 The various labour of the silent night:
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

ON blythsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
 While every work of Man is laid at rest, 761
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various port
 And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
 Branch'd

Branch'd out in many a long canal extends, 766
 From every province swarming, void of care,
 Bavaria rushes forth: and as they sweep,
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
 Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome
 day;

But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785
 Or from the forest falls the clust'ring snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
 Worse, than the season, desolate the fields;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.

BUT what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
 Astonish'd

Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 80
Wide-rooms the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but desarts lost in snow;
And heavy loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main; 80
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich * Cathay,
With news of human kind. Yet there life glows
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbour; tipt with jet, 81
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 81
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new fallen snows: and, scarce his
head

Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering fullen in the white abyfs.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 82
Nor with the dread of founding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their

* *The old name for China.*

Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny forest half absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak com-
 plaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

WIDE o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see Bootes urge his tardy wains 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty * Caurus pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful
 sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south, 841
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of Lapland ; wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war ;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;
 E e And

* *The North-West Wind.*

† *The wandering Scythian Clans.*

And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
 Their rein-deer form their riches. These their
 tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely
 wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them
 swift
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse 850
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
 Even in the depth of Polar Night, they find
 A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs. 865
 With'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure * Niemi's fairy mountains rise, 875
 And

* M. de Maupertius, in his Book on the Figure

And
 They
 They
 When
 Their
 Thric
 From
 In wh
 The

Injuri
 Of fai

ST
 And
 And
 Whe
 The

of the
 and
 " thi
 " tho
 " the
 " the
 " bee
 " thi
 " of
 *
 " see
 " of

And fring'd with roses * Tenglio rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They chearful loaded to their tents repair;
 Where all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd 881
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:
 In whom fell interest never yet has toun
 The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er
 knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
 And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself, 890
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;

E e 2.

And,

*of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake
 and Mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says,—“ From
 “ this height we had opportunity several times to see
 “ those vapours rise from the Lake which the people of
 “ the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be
 “ the guardian Spirits of the Mountains. We had
 “ been frighted with stories of Bears that haunted
 “ this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place
 “ of resort for Fairies and Genii, than Bears.”*

* The same author observes,—“ I was surpris'd to
 “ see upon the banks of the river (the Tenglio) Roses
 “ of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens.”

And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath * another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court ; 89
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath :
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

THENCE winding eastward to the Tartar's coast
She sweeps the howling margin of the main
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ; 90
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd, 91
Wide rend the deep, and shade the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury ; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 91
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they ! 92

Who

* *The other Hemisphere.*

Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;
 While, full of death; and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON's fate,
 As with first prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
 He for the passage fought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

HARD by these shores, where scarce his freezing
 stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of Men ;
 And half enlivened by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without. 946
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds

* Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by Queen
 ELIZABETH to discover the North East Passage.

Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields
And calls the quivered savage to the chase. 95

WHAT cannot active government perform,
New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these
shores,

A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire ONE VAST MIND;
By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd
Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He 95

His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill submitting sons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.

Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 96
Thro' long successive ages to build up

A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965

Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes!

Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste:

O'er joyless desarts smiles the rural reign;

Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975

Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;

Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd

With daring keel before; and armies stretch

Each

Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the North, 980
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the
 whole,

One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade: 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example shew'd.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted
 point,

Blow hallow blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990
 Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bounds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once; 995
 And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty North;
 But, rousing all their waves resistless heave. 1000
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure

Th'

Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Lev'athan
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosened brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks,
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever-waking eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and light sthem safe,
 Through all the dreary labyrinths of fate.

'Tis done! dread WINTER spreads his latest
 glooms, 1025
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent
 strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
 Those restless cares? those busy bursting days?
 Those gayspent, festive nights? whose veering
 thoughts

Lost

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven, and earth! awaking Nature hears
 The new creating word, and starts to life!
 In every heightened form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme, 1046
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore the POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul; 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while luxury
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants; why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part deem'd Evil, is no more:
 The storms of WINT'RY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

T
Are
Is f
TH
Wi
Ech
And
The
Wi
Sho
And
And
By
TH
And

A

H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FA-
THER, these,
Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
Wide flush'd the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles; 6
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year: 10
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
THY bounty shines in Autumn, unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15

In Winter awful THOU ! with clouds and storms
 Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast. 20

MYSTERIOUS round ! what skill, what force
 divine,
 Deep felt in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ; 25
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty
 hand,
 That ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ; 30
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming,
 thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

NATURE, attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join'd ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To HIM, ye vocal gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness
 breathes :
 Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms !

Where,

Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to
heaven

Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage,
Hrs praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound; 50
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,

A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
flowers,

In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to HIM;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre, 65

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world, to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam Hrs praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,

Retain

Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD
reigns ;

And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His
praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles, 80
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear, 85
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ; 90
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the GOD of SEASONS, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray 95
Rustles the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest
verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers

Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me :
Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey ; there, with new powers, 110
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;
From seeming evil still deducing good,
And better thence again, and better still, 115
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !
Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.

F I N I S.



90098196